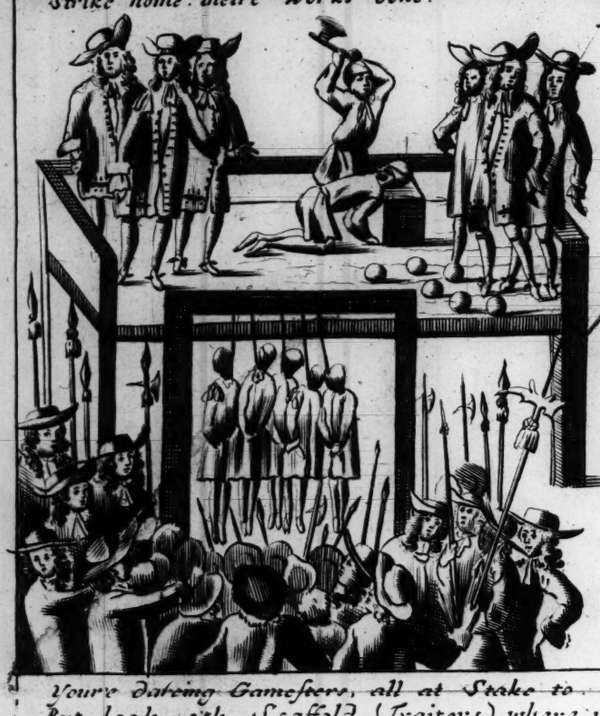
THE CATHOLICK GAMESTERS or A DUBBLE MATCH of BOWLEING

Strike home. theire Works done.



Green
Bury
Hill
Gerrard
Kelley
with others
Godfreys
murderers
October
12: 78

ith: Fatall Gap see Godfrey Dyes
He was the Nations Sacrafice

The Kings Evidence

D.r Oates. D.r Tongs. Capt. Bedlow. M.r Kirby. M.r Everard.
M.r Dugdale. M.r Prance. M.r Baldron. M.r Mowbray.
M.r Dangerfield. M.r Gennison M.r Smith.

London Burnt by Popish preists and Iesuits sep: 2.d 1666

Doe you see him Madam
hes Dead a Blessed Begining

3 Popish Misa

here's your Ground Sir

Dauby sir the Legorn Purser

chaces the Bowle that does it

Don Belloit Don Staffois Don Asonis
Don Arundis Don Petrois Don Powwowis

Damn'yee both wheather will yee thrust us

Heres your Bowles yee heretiicks

Holy Gamesters if they Carry us Corner

The Vpper Games, for Lives
A peice yee Traytors

Youre dateing Gamesters, all at Stake to Venture But look oth Scaffold (Traitors) where yee Center	the nine-pins yeilds us Trotting and serues to hide our Plotting	Bowle on you Sonns of Rome but Know Wele hold yee Rubbers ere you goe	Deare Pope Kind Devill

With an Account of a sharp Conference held on the Eve of St. Jago, *between his* HOLINESS *and the* Mahometan DONS *in St.* Katherines *Bastile: wherein their Nine-pins are wholly condemned, and their Worships severely checkt, for playing at that* small Game *now in the heat of his Harvest.*

To the Tune of, *The Plot in the Meal-Tub*; or, *Tan-Ta-Ra-Ra-Ra, make shift.*

[*Published by a By-stander, to prevent false Reports.*]

WHo likes to read, may judg what's coming on us,
And pray (in earnest) *Lord have mercy upon us.*
Read he that likes, whilst he that likes it not,
Is fairly judg'd he likes their damned Plot.

Enter Pope disguis'd.

At *Nine-pins* now! a pretty hopeful Game:
Was it for this your Worships hither came?
A curst Mistake! I find our Choicest Tools,
And greatest Knaves, are now the greatest Fools.
{By Hell I'm angry, that ye should so miss
{The Game *above*, where but one murder'd is;
{Ye pawn'd your Souls t'have ruin'd All ere this,
But strangely fail'd in't! Now you turn your hand
And bowl for Farthings, whilst they firmly stand
Like Rocks together. Tell me, Sirs, what you
I'th Devil's Name with me intend to do?
What a damn'd Journey have you made me take,
Allong of you, and Mother-Churches sake,
Been tost at Sea, and rowl'd about the *Nore*;
I'le *Heretick* turn before I'le go it more.
Then where's your Worships if I leave my Beads?
A Parl. comes next, and off go all your Heads.
That must be done before th' Incredulous Rout
Will ere believe that I am come about.
They know already we dispense with those
That go to Church, take Sacrament, and Oaths:
Therefore not trust us what we say or swear,
Till t'other's done, that we in earnest are.
Which way to take my Thoughts are undirected,
Until I find how *Mounsieur* stands affected.
But should I turn in truth, it's good enough
For such insipid common Nine-pin Stuff.
{My Self may get by't, save a Thing more rare
{Than this same *Triple Bawble* now I wear,
{Which otherwise is hazarded I swear.
Howere I'le venture't, prove it good or ill,
And have a *Push* for't ere I lose it will.
[*And so you may, Sir Pope; but one thing know,*
I miss my mark if ere you get it so.
But that's by th' way, perhaps I do but jest;
I pray go on (Sir) let us hear the rest.]
Ye shall (quoth he) I must my Stomack ease,
And speak the Truth, tho some it may displease.
When I Commissions to your Worships sent
To be my Chieftains in the [*Blest Intent,*]
(You know my meaning) then 'twas better things,
To murder Subjects, stob or poison Kings,
And lay those *Northern Hereticks* in Blood,
Who have Our See for many Years withstood.
This was the Game ye first did undertake;
But that ye did no better progress make,
Amus'd the *Consults*, and astonish'd All,
To see you baffled by a *Godfrey fall.*
By th' Mass (Sir *Dons*) I wonder at your Sloth,
That damn'd neglect (in Time) may ruine both.
Had you pursu'd it then, 'tis ten to one
You might with ease the Royal Game have won.
I fear my Lady spoke the naked Truth
To that same *Dangerous* (but Apostate) Youth,
That all our Men of Courage now were gone,
(Or in fair way to be so ere't be long.)
What shame is it (ye Gamesters) for to see
Your Ghostly Fathers mount the Triple Tree,
For their bold Actions, Holy Traitors dear,
While you, like Drones, do trifle out the Year.
There's one thing more I ought not to omit,
Nor you, great *Dons*, in gratitude forget,
Though they did Penance, Ye have scapt the hand
Of *Commons-Foes* who're gathered in the Land.
But to disperse them was a Mystery,
Too great to think what cost my Friends and I,
{Those Mortal Foes know so much of our Plot,
{That had they chanc't much longer to have Sat,
{By *Peter's* Chair, you all had gone to Pot.
And can you be so idle as to think,
We run such hazards, parted with our Chink,
For Game at Nine-pins? No, it gain'd you time,
That ye might spring a second Counter-mine.
Then down with Pins, and throw aside the Bowl,
Let each Man fall to Plotting in his Soul
(If he have any) make it now appear
They are devoid of either Grace or Fear.
Cabal together, *Guinnies* will, I'm sure,
Keep *Argos* Hands, and hundred Eyes secure;
And ere't be long some Stratagem contrive,
Which may your Freedoms and my Cause retrieve.
Let Hell direct you; but if Hell be dry,
I'le send some Priests shall keep ye company,
And that's as well: A Jesuit or two
Not long ago the Devil could out-doe.
To make all sure then, this my Counsel is,
Which being follow'd, doubtless cannot miss:
{Pursue the Game i'th *Meal-Tub* was begun,
{And he that dares that bold Adventure run,
{Shall be my Darling, Satan's eldest Son.
Follow that close, get *Presbyterian* down,
The Day's our own, ye cannot miss the Crown.
Farewell, old Friends, I must make haste away,
For fear they burn me if I longer stay.

Here, Reader, we the Second Part begin:
Mark how the Dons *rail at the Man of Sin.*
We have an old true Saying of our own,
When Knaves fall out, the Truth is often known.

Dons.

Pox on his Picture, and his Cause so pure,
Between 'em both they 've ruin'd us we're sure.
Must we, like Spaniels, to the Work be bang'd
Of Mother-Church, and merit to be hang'd?
{Ruine our Fortunes, hazard thus our Lives,
{Nay, bin so mad as wheedle in our Wives;
{But they must go (they say) the Devil drives:
And after all, like common things, rejected,
Because our Projects have not been effected.
Can we the ill Luck of our Ruffians help,
When here confined Prisoners, ye Whelp?
Had they but acted what we did contrive,
There had not been an Heretick alive.
So full of Lies and Perjuries they were,
Not You your self could mend them, were you here.
But if they'r spoil'd in Executing, We
Have done our parts, as all the World may see.

Pope.

Hold, mighty Dons! me-thinks too fast ye go.
VVhat have ye done, that ye upbraid me so?
All I have gotten by your great Projects
Are a few Saints, with Ropes about their Necks,
So hasht and butcher'd, all my labour's vain;
Not *Lucifer* can set them right again.
Hell keep the rest from Justice (we call Fury)
And send them *Walkman*'s, or a *Gascoin Jury*,
Pick'd, brib'd, instructed how to murder Truth,
From *Grand St. Martins Bull*, and Cits *Wide mouth.*

Dons.

What have we done? Fools may that Question make.
VVhat have not done for your curst sake?
Here's some among us for this fifty Years
Have Traitors been; engaged by the Ears
The best of Subjects with their lawfull King,
Of which *blest Work* the Universe did ring;
Got into Arms, then after him we run,
And never left him till he was undone.
VVhat Seignior *Con* could not by Poison do,
Our Party did: His End we brought him to.
Three hundred thousand murdered at least
In *England*, *Scotland*, and the *Irish Feast.*
And since the Nation did his Son restore,
VVe have bin full as active as before;
Have hunted Counter in his Parliaments,
Got *Pentioners*, who Voted by Contents.
Got Bills to pass against the Common Good,
And ever yet its Happiness withstood.
By Us their Church and State is so divided,
They quarrel yet: Nor can it be decided,
{(Impatient we!) until *Nolls Dunkirk*'s sold:
{'Twas got by Rebels. But the *Tangier* Mould,
{VVhen finished, will all the Shipping hold.
Us'd all our Skill to break the *Triple League*,
Made *James* confess to *Beddingfield* and *Teage.*
In that (by Hell) we shew'd our highest Art,
And stabb'd the *Protestant* Int'rest to the heart.
Imploy'd our Priests, who did the City burn,
And Heretick Churches into Ashes turn.
{Beat *Butter Boxes* when we could come at 'em,
{Which led the way unto the Ships at *Chattam*,
{Then all we did, was, bid *the Devil rot 'em.*
Conjoyn'd our *Butchers* with our Friend of *France*;
And to our Councils, *Petticoats* advance;
By whom he knows, as well as Heart can wish,
What ere we do, as Beggar knows his Dish.
Begun a War, then up a Peace did smother,
To break their Allies; then begin another.
To *Turks* and *Frenchmen* did the Shipping sell,
As *Heretick Marvel* late the World did tell.
All this we did, and ten times so much more,
To serve our Ends, and Mother-Church [that Whore]
Before we to the present *Trick* did fall;
And had that took, w' had done the Devil and all:
And what that is, your Holiness can guess,
For wee'l be damn'd ere any on't confess.
Nor does it matter whether we do or not,
Since *Heretick Commons* have so much on't got,
{By him whose Name, and *Oaten Pipe*, doth fret
{Our very Guts, as on the Tenters set,
{We curse our Stars he is not ruin'd yet.
But there's some hopes, by what we hear of late,
Whose Lives he sav'd, requite him with their hate.
A good Reward! But had he half on't done
For Mother-Church, he had the Popedom won.
And now, dear Friends, you *Jesuits*, be Judg
If 'tis not hard his Holiness should grudg
A little Pleasure, which affords us trotting,
After whole days [and nights] we have bin *plotting*;
Witness our Pacquets twice a week that dance
To *Rome*, to *Spain*, to *Portugal*, and *France*,
From whence ere long we hope to have such Friends
Shall set us free, accomplish all our Ends.
Tell us 'twas *Hee kept Common-Foes from sitting!*
'Tis known he lies: for, did we think it fitting,
We other Reasons for the same could show,
Than He (perhaps Infallible) doth know.
But let that pass: 'tis done, we thank our Stars,
Those Fiery Jades that draw in *Titan*'s Cars.
Now after all, should we be left i'th lurch,
Our Prayer shall be, *The Devil take the Church.*
{*In troth, that's honest. To conclude, I shall*
{*Give my Amen*, The Devil take ye all,
{*For Plotting Villains, worse than* Canibal.
England *will nere be safe, nor* Christendom,
Till all your Necks under the Hatchet come.
Then the Tune is, Finis, Funis.

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